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THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XI.

THE IRISH TUTOR;

A FARCE.

IN ONE ACT.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

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THE IRISH TUTOR.

Dr. O'Toole. Now, then, what'll you have? Paddy O' Rafferty, Murphy Delany, Cover the Buckle, or Kiss My Lady!—all's one to Doctor O'Toole.

Act I. Scene III.

5

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XI.

THE IRISH TUTOR;

OR,

NEW LIGHTS.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

BY THE EARL OF GLENGALL.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

BERFORD & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE,

AND TAYLOR AND CO., BALTIMORE.

1847.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS admirable and popular farce was written by the Right Honourable the Earl of Glengall, some years ago, and first produced at the Haymarket Theatre, the part of *Doctor O' Toole* being originally sustained by the celebrated CONNOR, to whose rich brogue, chaste but exquisite humor, and admirable acting, the noble author is indebted for its first favourable impression, and much of its continued popularity.

When the late lamented and gifted actor, Tyrone Power, was the melo-dramatic hero of the Adelphi Theatre, he absolutely refused to appear in the part of *Doctor O' Toole* (afterwards one of his best performances), because it was *an Irishman*; and positively declared "he would throw up his engagement, rather than attempt a representation likely to injure him in his profession."

The delineators of this class of characters seem to regard *Dr. O' Toole* with much affection. The situations throughout the piece are effective, without being forced; and the whole affair is within the bounds of at least "farce" probabilities.

Among the present personators of "Irish eccentricities," Mr. Leonard stands pre-eminent as *Dr. O' Toole*. His brogue, expression, and inimitable dance, are things to be heard and seen to be properly appreciated.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Perk, 1846.

Terry O' Bourke (alias Dr. O' Toole)	-	-	Mr. Leonard.
Dr. Flail	-	-	" Povey.
Charles	-	-	" Sutherland.
Tillwell	-	-	" Fisher.
Beadle	-	-	" Gallot.
Rosa	-	-	Miss Kate Horn.
Mary	-	-	Mrs. Knight.

COSTUMES.

The Costumes are those of the present day, except that Dr. O' Toole is clothed with black coat, vest, breeches, and silk stockings, bushy wig, canonical hat, and cane.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

THE IRISH TUTOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.—Tillwell's House on one side, a wall, &c.—Garden Chair, R., near House.*

MARY *discovered, seated at work—she comes forward.*

Mary. Heigh, ho! how I hate working; I wish I was a fine lady, and had nothing to do but look out of the window all the morning, and then ring the bell to know what sort of a day it is, or to make the servant pick up my pocket handkerchief, which I dropped on purpose.

Enter ROSA, on tiptoe, from the House, R. S. E.

Rosa. Mary, Mary, is my uncle gone?

Mary. Yes, miss, he is gone. But what can bring you out again so soon? it is not ten minutes since you were sent to your room, to study your lessons.

Rosa. That is true, but one cannot study all day, Mary: ah, me! I am so desperately in love, I do not know what to do! Heigh ho!

Mary. So am I, miss.—Heigh ho!

Rosa. But I never was so much in love before, Mary; oh, dear!

Mary. I am very poorly, too;—oh, law!—but Miss Rosa, how does it happen that your uncle is so desirous to keep you and your cousin, Mr. Charles, from seeing each other? ever since the dear young man came back from Westminster school, he has done nothing but watch you both.

Rosa. That's of no use, though, if Charles and I take it into our heads to meet.

CHARLES appears at the Gate, c.

Chas. Rosa, Rosa, it's only me, only your cousin.

Mary. Only you—oh! oh!—I suppose you have both been studying the same book on each side of the wall, and now are going to compare notes.

Chas. Very likely. Egad! I believe my father wishes me to become a second Solon, he teases me so about reading; but instead of Homer, Horace, and Virgil, give me red crossacks, gilt spurs, and a fountain tie.

Rosa. I think you have been quite long enough at school.

Chas. Yes, to learn that you are beautiful; that the sweetness of your heart is alone to be equalled by the brilliancy of your eyes; that you are a perfect angel; that you love me; and that I never shall love any other but your dear self.

Rosa. You have learned quite enough, I think.

Mary. Yes; I heard my uncle, Dr. Flail, tell your father, that the young men now-a-days knew a great deal too much, too soon: do they?

Chas. Why, I believe they do know a thing or two;—but my knowledge consists in knowing that I love Rosa, so to the devil with books, say I; one cannot read when one's in love.

Rosa. But when one is married, they say one can.

Chas. True; but then we may study together; here's poor Mary, who knows nothing of all this.

Mary. But indeed I do; I am as much in love as any body else; it's very hard if an innocent young girl like me, cannot fall in love as well as my betters, particularly as I have nothing but my character to depend upon. I have never done any work since I went to London with my aunt; I haven't even hemmed this apron, though I have been at it these two months.

Rosa. Do tell us all about it; is he handsome? young? does he keep good company?

Mary. He has always lived with gentlemen; he is a charming man, not like our village folks,—such a fine coat, all covered with gold-lace!

Rosa. A gold-laced coat!

Mary. Yes, and a gold-laced hat, too, and such a cockade!

Chas. I understand—he is either a parish-beadle, a two-penny post-boy, or some gentleman's servant.

Mary. He is; but he told me that his master, before he made his fortune, was no better than himself; so why should not he become a rich man?—but, heigho! I have not heard from him these six months; oh, dear! I shall die!

Chas. Poor Mary!—but when we are married, we will endeavour to find him out for you. I suspect, however, there is some plot forming against us.

Mary. How so?

Chas. Your uncle, the schoolmaster, and my father, are always in close consultation.

Mary. No good can come of that.

Rosa. Do they suspect that we mean to go to the ball in the village to-night?

Mary. No, no,—for I heard your uncle order his carriage at four o'clock, as he dined at Parson Scrapeall's—it must be something else.

Chas. Then we must out-mancœuvre them;—but here comes my father; be off, run—[*Exeunt Rosa and Mary.*] I shall follow you in a moment.—Now to escape this way, if I can, unperceived. [*Endeavours to creep off slyly.*]

Enter TILLWELL, R.

Till. Stop, sir, stop, what are you at? do you call this reading?—I thought you were studying, instead of which, I catch you creeping about the garden like a caterpillar.

Chas. I have been studying, sir,—getting some beautiful flights of fancy by heart.

Till. Let me hear them, sir,—if you have got them by heart.

Chas. Your sudden appearance, sir, has driven them away; they will return presently, sir.

Till. Nonsense, sir—'twas not that way I made my fortune,—no, but by close application; up at six, and never stirred from my desk until I had dotted up every variation of the funds, looked over the bulls and bears, and scratched out the lame ducks—I regret, certainly, that business prevented me from reading; however, sir, I have made up my mind with regard to you.

Chas. May I ask the result?

Till. You shall know soon enough,—perhaps to-day; in the mean time, you are at liberty.

Chas. [*Aside.*] Them I am off to Rosa—a plot, by Jupiter!

[*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Till. Yes, I every hour feel my want of education; he, however, shall be well informed.

Enter DR. FLAIL, L.

Flail. They say she is here, Mary—Oh, Mr. Tillwell, your most obedient, very humble servant—I was seeking for my niece. You look extremely flourishing to-day, sir; charming weather, *sine die*, no rain, as Horace says.

Till. You are welcome, Dr. Flail, always welcome; how does it happen that your school is over so early to-day?

Flail. In consequence of the ever-to-be-lamented decease of the much-respected Mrs. Shandy, Mrs. Flail's grand aunt, who died of indigestion, I have given the boys a half-holiday on the melancholy occasion!—Have you considered of that business, sir, we last talked upon!

Till. Yes, I shall follow your advice.

Flail. Recte Domine—fiat lux! right, sir; depend upon it, sir, severity, rigid severity, is the only system of education to pursue, if you mean to do a boy real good; I make it a rule, whenever the head is slow in answering, immediately to apply to the tail for further information, and that pretty briskly,—its effects are astounding. Oh, sir, you might, among a thousand, know a boy who has passed through my hands—but your son is too old to be treated like a boy—too old.

Till. I agree with you.

Flail. Therefore you want a most impressive, powerful-minded tutor for him; one who would live in your house.

Till. Certainly, right.

Flail. [*Aside.*] It hits.—Who would dine at your table daily.

Till. To be sure; besides, I mean to give this tutor two hundred pounds a-year—no man of genius would receive less.

Flail. [*Aside.*] I am a made man—two hundred pounds a-year! oh, sir, you are too—

Till. Yes, two hundred pounds a-year, and the gentle—

man I have pitched upon is a person of the most exquisite talent, whose erudition is alone to be equalled by his polite breeding,—that gentleman is—is coming to-day; I have lost no time in finding one since you gave me the idea,—I shall always remember that it is to you alone I owe it; good morrow, Dr. Flail. [*Exit into House, R.*]

Flail. But, my dear sir, my great anxiety, my affection,—Oh, damn your remembrance, since you have forgotten, me now—an ignorant, stockjobbing, ratcatching, old quill-driver!

Enter MARY from House.

Mary. Dear uncle, what's the matter?

Flail. Lodge in his house, too!

Mary. What can have happened?

Flail. Dine at his table, too—

Mary. Oh, Uncle Flail—how is this?

Flail. I have lost all this, and two hundred pounds a-year into the bargain; my whole school is not worth half the money—I'll flog every boy in it before dinner; oh, that I had old Tillwell for a pupil, I'd discipline him smartly, I would—

Mary. Discipline old Mr. Tillwell!

Flail. Or old Mr. Methusalem, either,—oh, dear! only think, old Tillwell has sent to London for a tutor for Charles,—for some stupid numskull, or inflated pedantic booby: as if I was not on the spot, the very man to suit him.

Mary. Very true,—what an oversight!

Flail. But we will conspire against this tutor; set the parish against him; invent lies against him; make mischief between him and the servants; we will root him out; only let me know when he arrives.

[*Exit furiously, L.*]

Mary. So, this is the plot against Charles; I shall tell him all this directly,—who have we here?

Dr. O'Toole. [*Without, L.*] By your lave, sir, by your lave, I have neither thrunks, portmantils, or vallases,—

Enter DR. O'TOOLE, L.

Them saddle-bags only is mine; I always lave my luggage behind me at home when I thravel, that I may have it

handy, if I want to clane myself when I am dirty ; I make a mighty dasint appearance. So now for ould Tillwell,—halloo, there ! is there no one to presint me ?

Mary. Who can this be ?

Dr. O'T. [*Hardly noticing her.*] Oh, young woman, inform Mr. Tillwell that the larned master of arts, he expected to-day, is just dropped at his door by the short coach. Hurry, now, hurry.

Mary. Bless me ! it must be him ; yes, though likenesses are so deceptive, still— [*Exit slowly into the House.*]

Dr. O'T. How the crature stares ! does she take me for a bonassus, or the American sea-sarpint ! I should be mightily surprised if any one recognised me, as I hardly recognise myself in my master's clothes, who, having accepted the situation of tutor to ould Tillwell's child, but being too ill to undertake it, writes ould Tillwell a letter to turn him off, which letter I don't put into the post as he tould me, but into this pocket-book ; so taking my wages, and his clothes, I came here as Dr. O'Toole himself,—two hundred a-year, ateing and dhrinking, too ! That will do for a while, but the learning ; I have a choice smattering of Latin, picked up by waiting behind parsons, dissinting prachers, attorneys, and the like ; och ! it will do ! as for Greek, och ! I'm bothered, och ! instead, I'll teach young Tillwell elegant Irish, in the mother tongue, and give him the raal accint, too. Here he comes.

Enter TILLWELL, from the House, R. S. E.

Till. Dr. O'Toole, I am proud to see you ; delighted, sir, to have a gentleman of your refined talents, an inmate in my house.

Dr. O'T. So am I, sir ; you flatther me, sir.

Till. You are modest, sir

Dr. O'T. I am, sir.

Till. I admire talent so much, sir, though I have never studied myself, that instead of renumerating those who possess it, I could almost wish to change places with them.

Dr. O'T. With the greatest pleasure imaginable, sir ; people of our profession are very apt to change places ; but I am dying to see my little pupil—I'll sarve him willingly, I mane, instruct him with all my heart, teach him all I know, which, if he follows my system, will not take him long to larn.

Till. But he is not so young as you appear to think ; he is twenty-one, and already much advanced.

Dr. O'T. Oh, houly Paul ! I thought he was an urchin !

Till. No, no, he is a perfect master of Latin.

Dr. O'T. Then I need not larn him that same.

Till. He understands Mathematics, Algebra, Metaphysics, and Logic.

Dr. O'T. By your lave, then, sir, if he knows so much already, what am I to teach him ?

Till. I wish you to finish his education, to—to form his manners, to—

Dr. O'T. I have it, honey—och ! you mane me to give him the finishing brush, the complate polish, I'm the boy for that—[*As if cleaning a boot—recovers himself.—Aside.*] In the boot-hole again.

Till. Exactly—you are right—to fit him for society, for the best company.

Dr. O'T. Say no more about it ; I'll teach him not to swear at the sarvints, not to sind them of messages, nor to make too free with the housemaids ather.

Till. Yes, yes, of course, but that's not all.

Dr. O'T. No, not all ; but we think a dale of that, it's part of my system.

Till. Very good, sir ; I must, however, inform you of one thing,—he is in love with his cousin, my niece ; I intend they should marry, but not yet—you understand me.

Dr. O'T. Sartinly, not till he has the polish complate.

Till. [*Aside.*] This is the very man I wanted.—I hope, sir, your residence here will be agreeable to you ; you will find a very delightful acquaintance in the village, a brother instructor, Dr. Flail, a great scholar—but you will puzzle him, no doubt ; I will introduce him to you.

Dr. O'T. [*Aside.*] I'll be blown before I'm warm in the house. [*Tillwell rings the door-bell,—O'Toole turns suddenly.*] Coming.

Till. [*Surprised.*] What !

Dr. O'T. Oh, I mane some one is coming. [*Aside.*] In the pantry again.

Enter MARY, with a bunch of keys, R. S. E.

Till. Oh, Mary, follow us, and show Dr. O'Toole to his apartment. I will send my son to you, sir.

[*Exeunt ceremoniously into the house, R. S. E.*

Mary. I am quite positive that is him. [*Exit, R. S. E.*

SCENE II.—*A Drawing-Room.—A table and two Chairs.*

Enter MARY, showing in DR. O'TOOLE.

Mary. This way, sir, this way—it is him.

Dr. O'T. This Dr. Flail bothers me; but the father is a common fool, I see, therefore I shall be sinse carrier to the family, and have a sinecure place of it into the bargain.

Mary. I can bear it no longer. Terry O'Rourke, I say, Terry!

Dr. O'T. Who's calling? Oh, murther! I'll be confounded now!

Mary. 'Tis he, 'tis he!

Dr. O'T. [*Looking at her.*] Och! upon my conscience! it's the little girl I promised to make a man of, by making her Mrs. O'Rourke. [*Resuming his impudence.*] I'll thank you to lade me to my apartment. [*Aside.*] I'll swear her out honestly.

Mary. How dare you behave so, you brute? do you pretend not to know me?

Dr. O'T. [*Aside.*] I'd have been a happy man, if I never had been born. Upon my credit, I never saw you before; the crature's comprehension is disordered.

Mary. [*Crying.*] You'll break my heart!

Dr. O'T. Now she has began to cry, there's no reason why she should ever stop; no, no, my dear, you are wrong, indeed you are, I'm not him; you mistake me, very naturally, for some other blackguard that has ill-trated you.—
[*Aside.*] Oh, kill me! but the girls were always the ruin of the O'Rourkes and O'Tooles.

Mary. [*Crying.*] I—I—will unmask your villainy, I will?

Dr. O'T. Och, then, we are both bothered entirely; think of your own interest; I am your own dear Terry O'Rourke, but at presint I'm my master, Dr. O'Toole. [*Kneels, she cries.*] There, there, honey, jewel, dry your winkers, dry them! Oh, murther, murther!

Enter TILLWELL, L.—Mary runs off, R., dropping her keys.

Till. What, what do I see, eh?

Dr. O' T. [*Aside.*] Ould Tillwell, by all that's houly!—I dare say, sir, that you are after thinking that I was on my knees; not at all, not in the laste.

Till. But you are still, doctor.

Dr. O' T. [*Rising and picking up the keys.*] Why, I believe, sir, it had rather the appearance of it; the—the little child dropped them kayes, which I picked up rather awkwardly, I'll allow.

Till. Oh, oh, Doctor, you are gallant.

Dr. O' T. By no manes; civility is part of my system.

Till. An odd system, yours, Doctor, I think.

Dr. O' T. You think—then I presume you pretend to think that you have more sinse than I; that you know better than I; do you pretend to doubt my sys,em?

Till. No, no, sir; I pretend to no such thing.

Dr. O' T. Then I am asy—for if you thought yourself a more sinsible man than me, I ought to give you the ate-ing and dhrinking, and the two hundred pounds a-year you give me—[*Aside.*] Which would not be quite convanient at this present; that's mathematics.

Till. What you say is true enough, though somewhat curiously expressed; but you Irish gentlemen of talent have extraordinary methods of communicating information. I came to announce Dr. Flail and my Charles—here they are.

Enter FLAIL and CHARLES, L.

Doctor Flail, Doctor O'Toole.

Dr. O' T. [*To Flail.*] I am extremely proud at the honour you intind me, sir, by making my well known acquaintance.

Flail. Sir, your most obedient. [*Coldly.*

Till. This is my son Charles, Doctor.

Dr. O' T. A very choice young gntlemen, by my faith.

Chas. [*Aside.*] Oh! Mary is right!

Flail. [*Aside.*] Now to attack this pantheon of erudition.—Sir, if I may make so bold, may I request some in-sight into your system of education?

Dr. O' T. Oh, you are heartily welcome—mine is the ould tie-wig, orthodox system.

Till. Listen, Charles; this conversation will be instructive.

Flail. Oh, orthodox—hem! then, sir, you do not belong to any of those new lights?

Dr. O'T. [*Aside.*] Belong to the new lights! what does he mane? och! he manes the gas.—No, sir, I do not belong to any of those new light companies; I wish I did; I think them very useful indeed, particularly when one is in the dark, though, to be sure, they sometimes smell very offensively.

Flail. [*Aside.*] What can he mean? the new lights smell very offensively! egad, I don't like him; I'll try him again, however.—I understand you, sir: as you are so orthodox, sir, may I ask your opinion of that new Lancaster system?

Dr. O'T. Lancaster system, sir! I never was at Lancaster, sir, in all my life; I know nothing about it, sir; don't know a street in it: I came from Ballyragget, in the county of Kilkenny, all the way, now, sir!

Chas. The two blockheads will unmask themselves.

Flail. [*Aside.*] He is an ignoramus. I'll pulverise him. Then, sir, since you know nothing about Lancaster, what say you to that system of Bell's?

Dr. O'T. Och! now I'll answer you in a crack; you have just hit it, that's my subject. I'll answer Bell's against any man in Europe, upstairs, or down stairs; I've been at it all my life, nothing has given me so much trouble. I know every note, from the parlour—[*Aside.*]—Oh, blood and turf, I'll be in the pantry again. [*Resuming.*] Yes, sir, upon bells, as Ramulus and Ramus says, in his first book upon—in his second chapter of—where he proves that this and that, and the other is the other, and this and that,—oh, it is beautifully written! if I change a word of the text, tell me, where he decides, that true philosophy is raal Chiropodiston. Now, sir, after what I have said, there is nothing more to be said;—so what have you to say?

Flail. [*Aside.*] I am astonished, he's a genius!—I say, sir—

Dr. O'T. I differ with you there, sir—

Flail. I say, that any man, who would put such a book as Romulus and Remus into a child's hand, would put the—the Heathen Conchology!

Dr. O'T. So I would, sir—

Flail. There's a fellow, there!—there!

Dr. O'T. No, no, not unless the child could not read,—then it could not do any great dale of harm; you'll allow that, I suppose.

Flail. Oh, sir, you are exposed; own it, it's plain; oh, you are beat, beat.

Dr. O'T. Bate, bate, och! by all the powers, if it's bating you've come to, that's another part of my system!—so here's at you, you sop—his—ter.—[*Flies at Flail, who cries for mercy—Tillwell and Charles push Flail off, &c., to save him—exit Flail, r.*] Go to the devil, you booby, with your Lancastors and Bells—give me ould Day and Martin. However, sir, I've proved that fellow a fool—och, sir, he tried to hide ignorance by getting into a passion, a common trick.

Till. Very true, doctor; I knew you would puzzle him—right, right; however, as I fear his temper must be a little ruffled, I will see after him.—In the mean time, do you and my son converse a little—become acquainted.

[*Exit, L.*]

Chas. Better acquainted than he thinks.

Dr. O'T. Huzza! I've gained the day; Ballyragget forever! thank God, I've elegant lungs!—Erin go bragh!

Chas. Halloo, you, sir, bawling there!

Dr. O'T. Halloo, sir, hoy, hoy; I must tache you condescinsion and polite breeding, I see!

Chas. Oh, nonsense, nonsense; Mary has told me all—all about it.

Dr. O'T. And I dare say she will tell you a dale more, if you listen to her.

Chas. Pooh, pooh! I know you, Terry O'Rourke, who used to play the fiddle for us so well, at Lord Blarney's, in Connaught-place.

Dr. O'T. Och, I'm blown! och, Mary! well, sir, since you have found me out, I'll be candid, and own myself Mr. O'Rourke.

Chas. Egad! you have the impudence of the devil to attempt this trick.

Dr. O'T. Why, sir, they have tould me that I had impudence enough to set up an assurance-office.

Chas. And if you failed, 'twould not be for want of capital,—but keep our secret, and we will keep yours.

Dr. O'T. And will I keep the 200*l.* a-year, ateing and dhrinking?

Chas. Certainly. Now, Terry, that we understand each other, I'll explain: my father goes out to dinner to-day; when he is off, we mean to go to the dance in the village; if we should be found out there, you must swear through thick and thin, we did not stir from the house; I've a visit to make before starting, so brush my coat, while I put on another neckcloth.

Dr. O'T. Oh, sir, a Master of Arts like me, to brush a coat!

Chas. Terry O'Rourke!

[*Throws him his coat and exit, &c.*]

Dr. O'T. If I must, I must, there's no choice left—it's a great sinking in poetry, this,—[*Hangs coat over a chair, and brushes or beats it.*] but 200*l.* a-year, ateing and dhrinking.

[*Singing.*]

Enter TILLWELL, L.

Till. Before I go, Doctor—halloa! how now! what, brushing my son's coat!

Dr. O'T. [*Aside.*] Oh, murther, murther! what, what'll I do!—Yes, sir, yes, sir,—but be asy: say nothing about it; hould your noise; it's aqually a part of my system.

Till. This is most astonishing: one moment on your knees to the housemaid, at another, brushing my son's coat! it's beyond my comprehension.

Dr. O'T. That it might asily be! but wait, and you shall have a diluted elucidation of my maning.

Chas. [*Within.*] Bring me my coat, look sharp.

Dr. O'T. There, there, he's waiting for it: just let me hurry with it to him—I tould you so.

Till. No, sir, I insist upon it, that you do not; let him wait and learn respect to his superiors.

Dr. O'T. [*Aside.*] I'll be killed immadiately.

Enter CHARLES, quickly, &c.

Chas. The deuce take you, why don't you bring me my coat? I've a great mind to—[*Sees Till.—appears abashed.*]

Dr. O'T. Strike me, I dare say: what hinders you?—[*To Till.*] Now, sir, I'll give my pupil a lesson of the first quality and description—[*To Chas.*] Hark ye, sirrah!

hem ! [*Aside.*] it's all Betty Martin.—I have demanded myself by brushing your coat, to tache you modesty—like the Romans and Thabans, I practise what I praach ; I, however, shall never dust your jacket again (if I can help it) ; take your coat, and larn that insolence to superiors lades youth into the pantry of iniquity and boot-hole of corruption. [*Chas. affects to be much abashed.*] Look at him, Mr. Tillwell ; there's repintance !

Till. I am quite astonished, indeed !

Dr. O'T. [*To Chas.*] Remember, sir, that you don't forget.

Till. Your plan is admirable, and quite original ; oh ! he's a great man. I had forgotten my business, however. I returned to tell you the principal thing : there are sports in the village this evening ; upon no account let him go, but come with me as far as my carriage, and I will explain myself fully.

Dr. O'T. He is not recovered yet, sir ; oh ! he repints !

[*Exeunt Tillwell and Dr. O'Toole, significantly, L.*]

Chas. Ha, ha, ha ! what luck I am in to have Terry O'Rourke for a tutor ! what good fortune ! ha ! ha !

Enter ROSA, R.

Rosa. My uncle is just going, so we shall have the house to ourselves in a minute ; shall we throw it out of the window, or what ?

Chas. Have mercy on the staircase ; we will be off to the village the moment the coast is clear.

Rosa. With all my heart. Mary has just told me, that her old sweetheart, Terry O'Rourke, is come down as your tutor.

[*Both laugh.*]

Enter MARY, L.

Mary. Mr. Tillwell is gone to dinner—but just as he got into his carriage, one of my uncle's schoolboys gave him a letter ; it seemed to annoy him very much, but he is gone.

Chas. What could it be ? oh, perhaps nothing ! never mind it.

Mary. But that's not all : when he drove off, Dr. O'Toole came to me, and said he, " Mary, my dear, I've something tinder to say to you ; which is your room, my darling ? "

Rosa. You, of course, did not tell him.

Mary. Oh, no ! I did not tell him, I only pointed to the window, so—so—

Chas. Oh, you innocent little angel ! but come, let's away to the village gayeties, and set fun and frolic going.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Village Green—Booths erected.*

The BEADLE and groups of Country People discovered.

1st Coun. Well, boys, but where can Mr. Charles be ? we shall be all life when he comes.

2d Coun. He be'ant gone to dine wi' the Parson Scrape—all—be he ?

3d Coun. No, he be'ant—he w'arnt dine wi' no man as gives his neighbor's ducks, and what not, to feed his 'quaintances—I knows. Here'am is, howsomever—hurra !

Enter CHARLES, ROSA, and MARY, L. U. E.

All. Welcome, Mr. Charles, Miss Rosa.

Chas. Thank ye kindly, good folks—now for mirth, for glee, for jollity !

Rosa. A dance, I say, a dance.

All. A dance, a dance.

Bea. Yes, let us dance and be merry.

[*With great seriousness.*]

Chas. Here are lots of pretty girls, I hope they will soon have partners—for life, eh ?

Bea. [*Aside.*] So do they, I dare say.

Mary. But where's the music ?

1st Coun. Old Rosin, the fiddler, has got a litle beside hisself, you see, can't stand no how,—here is his fiddle, however.

Chas. This is unlucky, indeed ; oh, dear !

Enter DR. O'TOOLE, R. in a hurry, his dress disordered.

Dr. O T. I'm kilt, I'm kilt, I'm nearly murdered ; oh, my back, my back, my back is bruck !

Chas. What's the matter ? halloo !

Dr. O T. Oh, Mr. Charles, you here ? oh, the dhroullest advinture in the world ; I'll tell you all about it. Och !

here you are, at the village sports, just where your father tould you not to be.

Chas. That's just why I came; hould your prate, pick out a pretty girl, and give an Irish jig.

Dr. O'T. Oh! consider the dignity of my station! not but if I chose, I could cut it over the buckle with any man in Munster.

Chas. I have it, then; since you won't dance, you shall play—give him the fiddle,—my tutor is the best fiddler in Europe: places, boys, places!

Dr. O'T. Oh! by no manes! consider the delicacy of my situation,—your tutor,—you would not debase me so much?

Chas. No, I'll elevate you; here, jump up on that barrel, or I'll knock you down: it will make a capital orchestra.

Dr. O'T. Och! my dignity is complately bothered. If I must, I must, so here goes.

[Gets on barrel—the Villagers range themselves.

Chas. I dance with Rosa.

Bea. And I with Miss Tabitha Jenkins.

Dr. O'T. Now, then, what'll you have? Paddy O'Rafferty, Murphy de Lany, or Kiss my Lady? all's one to Dr. O'Toole! *[Plays—the dance goes on spiritedly—Beadle dances ridiculously—the Doctor gets very animated, and foots it on the barrel.*

Enter TILLWELL, R.

Till. Charles, and Dr. O'Toole, too!

[Doctor hides the fiddle under his coat.

Dr. O'T. Bothered to perdition! I'm ruined entirely!

Till. Dr. O'Toole, this is beyond bearing.

Dr. O'T. Why, sir, you see me here, I believe; I am here, I think, sir; but don't lay it at my door. When I left you, I found Mr. Charles here, so I came after him to take him off; it's as plain as a pikestaff.

Till. But why, then, sir, should you be the person to play the fiddle for them; to stand on that tub?

Dr. O'T. From a feeling I had, that if I did not play for them, these good people would show me the short cut to the horse-pond; and as to the tub, 'tis a philosopher's place; didn't one Thady Diogenes live in one?

Enter FLAIL, R. running.

Till. I'll believe you no longer.

Flail. I nearly broke his back with the broomstick. I wish I'd broke his head.

Dr. O'T. That's not so asy ; 'tis thicker than you think ; but upon my honour and conscience, my intintions were those of a gentleman.

Till. Do you mean by that, sir, that you, a person in your high situation, would marry my niece's maid ?

Dr. O'T. A man of my dignity can afford to overlook little inequalities of rank. What fortune, Dr. Flail, has she ?

Flail. £400 ; if she chooses, she may marry you : I am only her guardian.

Dr. O'T. Then, Mary, my jewel, you are mine ; consider yourself as Mrs. Rourke for the rest of your born days.

Bea. I'll set the bells ringing.

Dr. O'T. Oh, to the devil with your bells, I hate the sound of them ; stop till you're tould to ring ; but as Mr. Charles and Miss Rosa are going to be married, you can ring for us altogether.

Till. What do you mean, sir ? who told you they were going to be married ?

Dr. O'T. I am not quite sartin.

Till. I can tell you, that I have discovered you to be an impostor ; for this letter informs me that the real Doctor O'Toole's bad state of health prevents his accepting my situation ; and so, sir, you are come in this disguise to cheat me. Who are you, sir ?

Chas. Stop, I know him well ; he is an honest, good fellow, though this trick may be rather against him ; still I will pledge myself that he shall make Mary a good husband ; we will take them into our service.

Dr. O'T. Never fear but I'll do that thing ; and now, ladies and gentlemen, that I lave the parlour for the pantry again, I beg to assure you that, whenever you call at this house, I shall always feel the greatest pleasure in opening the door to receive your commands.

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